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The Colonnade

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VOLUME II. GEORGIA STATE COLLEGE FOR WOMEN, MILLEDGEVILLE, GA., NOVEMBER 17, 1926. NUMBER 3.

STUDENTS SETTLE FILIPINO QUESTION

Hot Debate in Chapel; Negative Wins

On Friday morning October 22 in Chapel execise the student body learned that the Phillipines are not yet ready for independence.

The debate was delivered by members of the History Club. Polly Moss of Columbus and Evelyn Owens of Fitzgerald represented the affirmative side of the question, "Resolved, That the Philippine Islands Should be Granted Immediate and Absolute Independence." The negative and winning side was represented by Mary Lee Anderson of West Point and Grace Taylor of Waynesboro.

The judges were Dean E. H. Scott, Dr. George H. Webber, and Dr. Alice Hunter, all members of the faculty.

All of the debaters brought out fine points for contention; however the debate centered around four main issues.

1. Are the Filipinos educated in politics?

2. Are the Filipinos as a people united?

3. Have the Filipinos capable leaders?

4. Should the United States guard her interests?

The debaters were very enthusiastic, and their deliveries were unusually good. Force seemed to be behind every word. All these faculties promoting the interest of the debate made it very attractive, and the audience listened attentively. The student body left feeling that the inhabitants of the Philippine Islands are not yet prepared for stable and independent government.

This debate made a great beginning as the first of a long series which Dr. Parks expects to include in the Chapel exercises during the year.

G. S. C. W. DELEGATION ATTENDS CONFERECE

The forty-third annual convention of the Georgia Woman's Christian Temperance Union was held October 26 to 28 at Gainesville, Georgia. In connection with the Young People's branch, delegates from different colleges were sent. Those representing Georgia State College were Miss Oma Goodson as "Y" secretary, Mary Raby, Gladys McMichael, and Robbie McClendon.

The general theme of the convention was "Carry On," developed by talks and pageants by the women. Besides the regular business meetings and the reports of the work carried on in the various districts, several special events were planned. Wednesday evening Hon. Seaborn Wright, of Rome, Georgia, gave an interesting address on "Crime—Its Cause and Cure." Thursday evening Mrs. Nell Gaunon gave an inspiring talk on the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Law.

On Thursday night, Young People's night, the representatives from each college were asked to present some stunt entertainment. The

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GRACE TAYLOR TO HEAD JUNIORS

Wynelle Otwell, Vice-President fo Junior Class

After a purposed delay the organization of the Junior class has been completed. Having spent a delightful evening with Dr. Parks' at the Mansion and having received Junior privileges in chapel the Juniors felt the next step should be organization. Accordingly a class meeting was held and dormitory officers were elected. This had not been the custom heretofore, but the class has grown so large that the officers felt the need of a person responsible in each dormitory.

Because there are so many new girls in the Junior class they felt that election of officers should be delayed in order that everyone might become better acquainted. So after a month of watchful waiting the real election was held in Atkinson Study Hall.

Nominations had been made before and the election was a scene of close competitions. Each time the vote had to be taken twice or more in order to get a majority. The officers elected were: President, Grace Taylor; vice-president, Wynelle Otwell; secretary, Sypper Yoemans, and treasurer, Mary Burton.

The Junior class is proud of its new officers and expects to make great progress during the year year 1926-27. We feel that they are quite competent to lead so fine a class, a class which has taken as its motto: "Stay young and he happy," suggested by Dr. Parks. But this is not all of the ideals of the Junior class. They wish to leave behind them a record of faithful service that the next class may find a better, finer Alma Mater.

The Junior class extends to the old Senior Normal and Sophomore officers heartfelt thanks for the service rendered the class before the election of new officers.

To Janet Christian, too, is due an expression of appreciation. The Junior class regrets having lost her as one of its members, but congratulate the Senior class in receiving so fine a girl into its ranks.

"Y." COUNCIL IS CHOSEN FROM FRESHMAN CLASS

The Freshman phase of Y. W. C. A. on the campus for 1925-26 has begun to be definitely organized. The fact that the Freshman class is so large and lacks experience in Y. W. work makes necessary a special form of organization for its benefit.

In order that every Freshman may take part in the work, the entire class is divided into groups with the members of the Freshman council as leaders. The council is composed of twenty or more girls who are chosen by their class-mates to this position. The council members elect their president and secretary-treasurer from their number.

The council acts as a link between the Freshman and Y. W. activities. It advises with them; carries out

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Extensive Lyceum Course Planned



Mrs. Nelle Womack Hines, noted musician and club woman.

MRS. HINES' COMPOSITIONS ARE PRESENTED BY ATLANTA WOMAN'S CLUB

The Atlanta Woman's Club presented a program of songs both words and music written by Mrs. Nelle Womack Hines at the Atlanta Woman's Club Auditorium on Monday, October the twenty-fifth at four o'clock.

Mrs. Hines has been teacher of piano music at the Georgia State College for Women for the last twenty years. Her song "Georgia Land" has been sung by the students of the college for several yers. This song was adopted by the State Parent-Teacher's Association as their State Song at the meeting in Macon in 1925.

Mrs. Hines is well known over all Georgia. She has been president of the Tenth District Federation of Women's Clubs for five years; president of Milledgeville Women's Club for six years; member of Macon Writers' Club; feature story writer for Macon Telegraph; and member of League of American Pen Women. Besides the reknown she has won as a musician, she is also a writer of ability, being the author of a book of poems, two plays and two musical comedies which have all been given by the local Dramatic Club. She has also written several short stories, which won first place in a contest sponsored by the federated women of the state.

Before each number of the program was presented, Mrs. Hines made a few introductory remarks which explained the mood and thought of each of her compositions simply and effectively. The soloist for the occasion was Mrs. Susan Bowden Johnson; Mr. Solon Drunkenmiller, tenor; and Mr. Enrico Leide, violincello with Mrs. Hines at hte piano. "Georgia Land" was one of the selections sung by the College Park Music Club Chorus with Miss Florence Golson Bateman, conductor; and Mrs. Clarence W. Wall, pianist. The program was made up of thirteen numbers all of which are well-known songs.

An article in the Georgia by Fuzzy Woodruff was headed "All-Georgia Concert Sung for City Clubwomen." Mr. Woodruff was present at the concert and writes:

"As unique and as satisfying a concert as Atlanta music lovers have attended was the All-Georgia program Monday afternoon at the Woman's Club given by a group of Atlanta artists. Their music was the music of Nelle Womack Hines, whose work as a composer has been attract-

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PROGRAMS TO BE GIVEN IN NEW COLLEGE AUDITORIUM

Scotch Highlanders Are the First Attraction

The lyceum course planned by the lyceum committee for '26 and '27 promises to be the most interesting and extensive program G. S. C. bas ever had. These entertainments will be given in the new college auditorium which is nearing completion.

The first attarction will be given November 17. The Royal Scotch Highlander's Band is coming with a record of new and greater triumphs, having just finished their summer engagement of ten weeks at Asheville, N. C., "The Land of the Sky," which followed their eighth and most successful season at St. Petersburg, Florida, "The Sunshine City," which is the home of the Highlanders. They are traveling in a private Pullman, "Sunshine," given to them by the citizens and civic clubs of St. Petersburg.

The band has continually added to its popularity by its ability to please the most varied musical tastes. They feature all classes of music, and have an ability to hold their audiences to the last number on their programs, with a variation of popular and classical music, along with the moaning of the group of saxaphones.

The Okey Record Company which has produced several records of the band has had an unusual demand for music of the Highlanders, which is proof of the great popularity of this great musical organization.

One of the stars of the band is Bobbie Broxllier, Scotch Tenor, and entertainer, whose dialect songs have been one of the most popular musical offerings of the Hightlander's organization for several years. Miss Dora Hilton, dramatic soprano, is another prominent artist with the band. She has registered success from coast to coast, and has been nationally acclaimed as a concert singer.

Known from childhood as the "Girl with the Golden Voice," Miss Hilton has a record of triumphs both in Canada and the United States. She scored great success with the Metropoliton English Opera Company, and had one of the most triumphant vaudeville careers that any singer ever has had in the days when she was booked from coast to coast as a "Keith find." Miss Hilton selects her numbers with the utmost care, and her audience is given a taste of everything from the work of the masters to the dight and snappy popular songs of the day.

One of the surpises the band springs on its audiences this year is "Ten Minutes in the World of Jazz," a special program of latest song hits arranged by Doy D. Smith, leader. Mr. Smith arranges his programs so

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EXPLANATION

The copy for this month's Colonnade was received from the editors on schedule time, but due to the fact that it was confused with copy for other publications, this issue is necessarily late.

THE PUBLISHERS.

THE COLONNADE

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BOOST THE "Y."

What does the "Blue Triangle" mean to you? Does it bear any significance to you? Have you ever thought of the things for which it stands seriously enough to come to any conclusion about your significance to the "Blue Triangle?" You haven't? Then think for a moment.

The "Blue Triangle" is the symbol of "Y." It stands for three-fold development. It fosters physical, mental and spiritual betterment of all students who come within the scope of its influence.

"Y" on G. S. C. campus is an organization of girls, for girls, and is operated by girls. No phase of college life has not felt its uplifting influences, the inspiration it offers to students who "seek that they may find" the things really worthwhile in a student's life.

As a step in mental development, it suggests articles and books that are readable, and it has for your convenience, a number of the best magazines and books placed in the "Y" room.

Athletics are sponsored by "Y" to the extent of having a particular committee to plan all activities which tend to develop the body and furnish recreation.

The greatest influence of "Y" is felt through the phases of the organization which have for their purpose, spiritual uplift and enlightenment. After two months on the campus, there is not a freshman left who has not found comfort, and courage, and inspiration by attending vespers, or morning watch, or Bible study.

After these hints as to "Y's" influence, these "pointers" for your future concentration, where do you as an individual stand in regard to your relation to it? Are you willing to sacrifice time from pleasure seeking to "put something in" that you may find something and reap a reward for your sacrifice? Tell me, are you receiving all of the results of others' labors while you stand idly by and refuse to boost the thing yourself? If you are a "knocker," or merely a dormant, passive member or onlooker, wake up to the fact that "Y" needs you, and you need "Y" more than you will ever realize until you get into the swim of things.

Boost "Y," for it deserves it, and will fully repay you for all efforts expended in its behalf.

"Give to 'Y' the best that you have, and the best will come back to you."

WHY?

Before the child learns to use words her little mind is concerned with the eternal "Why?" At the age of four her mother tells her she must not play in the streets and that she should carefully place her knife and fork on her plate when she has finished her meal. She does not always revolt, but the same query is in her mind. At the age of six her world becomes immeasurably larger as the teacher dictates what she must do and what she must not do. The same problems confront her throughout her high school days. Is it any wonder then that when she enters college with new surroundings, yet with more freedom, one of her big questions is "Why?"

One of the chief tasks of the lesson assignment, class meeting, athletic games, chapel exercises, vespers, committee meetings, and Bible study courses, is to assist her in adjusting herself to group conditions and to show her how she may do her part in making college life worthwhile, that she may grow into a useful citizen of the community and fill satisfactorily her place in life. No college is more interested in offering suitable opportunities to her students for self-improvement than the Georgia State College for Women as they attempt to learn Why.

JUST DORMITORY LIFE

It's different—yes. It's cosmopolitan—yes. It's democratic—yes. It's more than all of these—it is wholesome. Does anyone who has experienced dormitory life question the veracity of the statement? Can you truthfully say after having lived in a G. S. C. dormitory, that you have not a broader prospectus of human nature and life?

You are not the little being who lived for the "I" in the past years. You have learned to surrender, to sacrifice, to cooperate, to love and to live. There has come over you a feeling of consciousness of the fact that there are other people in the world beside you. May we venture to say that the principles of ethics, psychology, sociology, and other "ologies" are as effectively learned in the dormitory as in the classroom presided over by the skilled pedagogue.

YOU

There is a complexity of thought in the one little word—you. Uttered by who ever it may be, it carries a thought that will bear the scrutiny of anyone. "You" is a power—"you" is an influence. What is the nature of the influence?

It could be good; it might be bad. That is just another of those problems that "you" must decide. Yes, it all revolves about the force within—the "you" in you. In the world's mad whirl, have we time for thought, a thought of others? If so, think one little moment about the age-old question, "Am I my brother's keeper?"

ODE ON WOMANHOOD

Madonna, with the Christ-child at thy breast,
Who, limned in deathless beauty, aureoled
In richest glory by some painter old,
Forever art caressing and caressed!
Type art thou of the mystery and power
Of womanhood, whose warmth of living love
Embodieth in human mould and plan
The lineaments of Spirit, born above,
And interminigleth strongly hour by hour
The essence of Divinity and man.

Beauty not only of the outward form
The vermeil tinct of modest maidenhood,
The glory of glad smiles and winsome good
Gleaming from eyes—a spirit blithe and warm,. . . .
But more, O Womanhood, and far beyond
The feeble ken of frail and mortal sense,
Thy beauty is enthroned in the soul,
Giving in subtlest wise the evidence
Of grace celestial, and in love, though fond,
Wrought to a strength sublime by meek control.

Thy spirit is revealed in gentleness;
Thou conquerest, when thou, most like a queen,
In presence of her king, submiss dost lean
On those who bear thee up in love's excess.
And thou in bitter agony and pain
Hast thoroughly heard the message of good cheer,
That heraldeth the triumph of restraint . . .
Of calmness, when the heart is full of fear . . .
Of suffering that vanisheth disdain,
And self-support, when most the soul is faint.

How strong thou art not given is to know, . . .
Thou bearest all the ages at thy breast,
Thy hand and voice have soothed them into rest,
Out of thy love the generations go.
Weak babes and stalwart men do cling to thee
And garland thee with clasping hands and arms
And give thee love for love, or weak or strong,
Prompted to nobler growth beneath thy charms;
Show sacrifice hast been and art to be
To lift thy sons from woe and service wrong.

Most every human hast thou ever been,
Nearest to all in time of sorest need,
Giving thy life that others may not bleed,
And spurning not to help those sunk in sin;
And thou hast borne the burden of the past,
Endurded thy serfdom and thy lowly chain,
And wrought thyself a freedom with long strife;
Thy way is marked with travail and pain,
But thou hast risen ne'er to be downcast
In thy high mission, Mother of our life!

—Dr. Francis Daniels.

Ionia, March 26, 1890.

WHEN LIFE GROWS GRAY

When life grows gray, and sunset skies,
With all the glow that in them lies,
Are merely—skies and nothing more,
Where shall my weary soul, and sore,
Find peace from age's tears and sighs?

Give me those last days when dies
My hope of fame's immortal prize;
Just dreams—and dreamland's mystic lore,
When life grows gray.

Oh God! We are so sadly wise;
The soul through fact and figure dies
Amidst the market's shriek and roar,
How faint the call from Heaven's shore!
God grant me dreams for mine old eyes.
When life grows gray.

—Dr. Carl Holliday.

From Old "Prof" Dickson, and Other Poems, Thos. Seltzer Co., N. Y. City, Publishers.

THE LORD'S PRAYER

The following beautiful composition was captured during the Civil War at Charleston, S. C., by an Indian soldier. The dingy, timeworn paper on which it was written, evidently with a goose quill, bore the date July 1, 1823. At considerable expense it has ben obtained for publication, and in its way it is a literary curiosity.

Secured by
Envoy W. E. Davenport
of Salvation Army.

"Thou to the mercy seat our souls doth gather,
To do our duty unto Thee, . . . our Father,
To whom all praise, all honor, should be given,
For Thou art the great God . . . who art in heaven;
Thou by Thy wisdom owns't the world wide fame;
Forever, therefore . . . . . hallowed be Thy name.
Let nevermore delays divide us from Thy glorious face, but in Thy kingdom come,
But let thy commands opposed be by none;
But Thy good pleasure and . . . Thy will be done.
And let our promptness to obey be ever
The very same . . . on earth as 'tis in heaven.
Then for our souls, O Lord, we also pray:—
Thou wouldst be pleased to give us this day
The food of life wherewith our souls are fed.
Sufficient raiment and . . . our daily bread,
With every needful thing do Thou provide us,
And of Thy mercy, pity . . . and forgive us
All our misdeeds, for Him whom Thou didst please
To make an offering for; . . . our trespasses.
And for as much, O Lord, as we believe
That Thou wilt pardon us . . . . as we forgive those
Let that love teach wherewith Thou dost acquaint us,
To pardon all . . . . who trespass against us.
And tho' sometime Thou findest we have forgot
This love for Thee, yet help, and lead us not
Tho' soul or body want, to desperation;
Nor let earth's gain drive us . . . . unto temptation.
Let not the soul of any true believer
Fail in the time of trial . . . . . but deliver—
Yea, save them from the malice of the devil,
And both in life and death keep us from evil.
Thus pray we, Lord, for that of Thee from whom
This may be had,—for Thine is the kingdom;
This world is of Thy work, its wondrous story
To Thee belongs, the power and the glory.
And all Thy wondrous works shall and ah never,
But will remain forever—and forever.
Thus we poor creatures would confess again,
And thus confessing, say eternally,
Amen."

THE MASTER WEAVER

Before the Loom the Master Weaver stands
White Fate, the restless Shuttle, flashing darts;
The Weaver with His firm, all-knowing hands
Directs and guides the multitudinous parts.

The pattern of the Fabrics is not known;
Chaotic seems the twisted, whirling mass;
To none of all the hurried threads is shown
What Thing the Master wills to bring to pass.

And most of all these threads that come and go
Form but a back-ground meaningless and gray,
But here and there these strands of scarlet glow
That hint of some gigantic Figure gay.

But still the Weaver has a mind for all,
As on the ceaseless Shuttle runs its race;
For as each fragile thread in place doth fall
The far-flung, magic Pattern grows apace.

Some day the mighty Frame will rest complete,
The restless, flashing Shuttle idle stand,
The multitude of lines and colors meet—
The destined Pattern of the Master Hand.

Oh, then no threads of gray or vivid read!
No petty question of what part each wrought!
Only the Fabric's dazzling scheme, instead—
The Symbol of the Master Weaver's Thought.

—Dr. Carl Holliday.

WHAT IS A TREE?

I think that a tree must be,
A gorgeous queen clad in gold,
With bright jewels in her hair
And all the world to behold.

A queen from some far country
Beloved of wind and sky,
Looking down on her children
With an ever-watchful eye.

ALUMNAE

ALUMNAE

Eloise Balcom of Macon was a recent visitor on our campus.

Annie Lanier, '17, is now Mrs. Dudley Shannon of Jeffersonville, Ga.

Violet Harris, B.S., '26, is teaching at Gray, Ga.

Mary Sumner, '26, is teaching at Porterdale, Ga.

Mary McClain, '25, is teaching domestic science in the school at Tignall, Ga.

Alice Williams, '26, is teaching at Harris, Ga.

Clarisse Batson, '26, is teaching in the grammar grades at Columbia, N. C.

Nina Daniel, '26, was a recent visitor to friends on the campus.

Sue Stubbs, '26, is teaching second and third grades at Woodbine, Ga.

Priscilla Hogan, '26, is teaching at James, Ga.

Mattie Mundy, '22, is teaching at Rockhill, S. C.

Blanche Mitcham, B.S., '26, is teaching at Fayetteville, N. C.

Hazel Holloway, '26, is teaching third and fourth grades near Calhoun, Ga.

Vera Diat, '26, is teaching first grade at Swainsboro, Ga.

Jessie Champion of Sandersville recently visited friends here.

Gertrude Burt, '24, is teaching first and second grades at Ideal, Ga.

Mary Carter, '23, is teaching sixth grade in the school at Moultrie, Ga.

Doris Arrington, '23, is teaching third grade in one of the schools at Valdosta, Ga.

Jewell Duncan, '20, is teaching at Americus, Ga.

Grace Rawls, '26, is teaching grammar grades at Dublin, Ga.

Mamie Ruth Williams, B.S., '25, is teaching science in Moultrie High School.

Lois Smith, '25, is teaching at Lake City, Fla.

May Wright, '23, is teaching at Toomsboro, Ga.

Louise Parker, '24, is principal of the school at Meriwether, Ga.

Frances Stubbs, A.B., '25, is Librarian at Georgia Normal School in Statesboro, Ga.

Mary Gross, '26, is teaching fifth and sixth grades at Okahumpka, Fla.

Lorine Brown, '26, is teaching first grade at Rockhill, S. C.

Pauline Keene, '26, is teaching near Dublin, Ga.

Florence Willoughby, '26, is principal of a rural school near Villa Rica, Ga.

Mary Brittain, '26, is teaching near Douglasville, Georgia.

Emma Smith, '13, is now Mrs. Hugh Blount, of Waynesboro, Ga.

Myrt Salter, '20, is now Mrs. Bemis Josey of Jacksonville, Ga.

Ruby Culpepper, 26, is teaching in one of the Duhlin schools.

Amanda Balcom, '26, is teaching in Macon, Ga.

Eunice Barnes, '26, is teaching in the grammar grades at Macon, Ga.

Frances Upshaw, '26, was a recent visitor to friends on the campus.

Jonnie Dickson was a recent visitor here.

Katharine Brantley, '26, is teaching in the high school at Pembroke, Ga.

Ruth Stokes, '25, is teaching at Ideal, Ga.

Elizabeth Ross is teaching intermediate grades at Devereaux, Ga.

Amy Potts, '19, now Mrs. Hugh O. Burgess, is teaching in Hoke Smith Junior High, Atlanta.

Nina McMahen, '23, is teaching in LaGrange, Ga.

Vera Jordan, '23, now Mrs. Hall Roddenberry, is teaching at Cairo, Ga.

Marion Potts, '22, is now Mrs. Henry T. Jones of Tallasse, Ala.

Rose Salter, '17, is now Mrs. Charles Watkins of Bartow, Ga.

Annie Louise Eberhardt, '24, is now Mrs. E. S. Stroberg of Macon.

Ethel Merritt, '23, is now Mrs. C. C. Joiner of Spartanburg, S. C.

Annie Belle Harrell, '23, is Mrs. Roy W. Bush of Colquitt, Ga.

Carolyn Miller, '23, is teaching in Macon, Ga.

Louise Hutchinson, '26, was a recent visitor on our campus.

OCTOBER BIRTHDAYS ARE CELEBRATED

Those who were fortunate enough to have their holidays in October, were entertained with a lovely Hallowe'en party Saturday, October 25, in Ennis basement. Hallowe'en cats, witches, and pumpkins intermingled among clusters of pine, gave every thing quite a weird and spooky appearance. First of all, the honorees of the occasion learned their fortunes by jumping over a lighted candle. Most interesting of all was a debate—"Resolved that witches are more spooky than ghosts." The negative side was declared winners. The color scheme, orange and black, was carried out in the refreshments. Several piano selections were played by Maude Wilson during the program.

MUSIC

(Talk given at Chapel May 6th to the students of the Georgia State College for Women by Dr. Francis Daniels of the French Department.)

Just when music was invented by man is not known, but it was long ago in the pre-historic period, for we find rude musical instruments beside the skeletons of primeval man. Doubtless drums and rattles were the earliest musical instruments, followed by horns, reed-pipes and rude stringed instruments, rising later into the harp and the lyre.

The American aborigines use in their tribal dances, as I saw them performed in Arizona, one-headed drums or tomtoms, rattles about hands and ankles, and goards filled with pebbles or shot and shaken rhymically by the hands. I saw once a hand-made fiddle employed, but for the most part the old instruments are used.

In Javo a group of boys regaled me with what they called an organ. This consisted of bamboo pipes of different lengths and bores, giving out musical sounds as they were shaken. In the South Seas the plaintive, rising rhythms are picked from instruments of the guitar and mandolin types.

Of the music of the Orient that of the Chinese has reached the amplest development. To be sure, a Chinese orchestra sounds to the occidental ear like a lot of rats fighting, but the Chinese have given much attention to music and have instruments elsewhere. Thus they have instruthat appear never to have been used ments of porcelain. But I shall longest remember the strange, haunting rhythms of their drums and templegongs, I heard at night at Nanking, the watchman make his rounds, beating his drum to give the thieves due notice of his coming. The infernal rhythms haunted my ears for weeks afterwards.

Japanese music or rather singing, accompanied by the koto and the samacew, impressed me by its daintiness. At Gotemba, the evening after our ascent of Frijiyama, the hotel across the road from ours had employed a celebrated singer, or rather songsters. Now Japanese poems consist usually of but a single complet, so their songs are very tiny affairs. They have, furthermore, a singing grasshopper, which they call a bird and keep in tiny cages. Also, they love in their singing to imitate the strain of the singing grasshopper. So the lady at Gotemba sang over and over again all night long a tiny song of a few brief measures, in imitation of their tiny "bird." The Mikado died while I was in Japan and I shall never forget the funeral booming of the great temple gongs and bells.

While I was a student at the University of Michigan, an instructor brought back a sheet of ancient Greek music, with the notes written thereon; this I heard sung and so could form some idea of the actual sounding of Greek melodies. The music impressed me as majestic but rather monotonous, doubtless because a chief function thereof was to serve as an accompaniment to the recitation of Greek poetry. Each kind of poetry had its own musical mode. The Greeks used many rhythms not now used in music.

Our modern music is a direct descendent through the chants and litturgies of the mediaeval church, of the ancient music of Rome, Greece and Byzantiem, which in turn had gotten theirs from the music of Assyria and Egypt. I have not time, neither have I the kuowledge, to enter into a detailed exposition of the history of modern music, but our music harks back to a long past and owes a debt to all the music of the past, even to that of the primeval tribes of man as they sought to express the rhythm of their souls on rude drum or by shrill cymbal-clash or in the frail music of a pipe of reed.

I appreciate music, although I know little about it, for it voices eloquently the feelings of the human heart and stirs and quickens the impulses of man with mighty and wonderfully beneficent power. It interprets his joys in its vibrant ecstasies and soothes his sorrows in its lulling melodies and, in short, music is the consoler and inspirer and cajoler of mankind in all its moods and experiences.

FRANCIS DANIELS.

UNUSUAL INCREASE IN NUMBER OF GRADUATES

"A college embarrassed by its own success," very aptly remarked a prominent Georgia man a year or two ago. Statistics verify this fact, contrast the 17 normal diplomas presented in 1892, to over three hundred awarded in 1926. Think of the 4 degrees given in 1921 in comparison to the 62 given in 1926. Yes, and more interesting the consideration will be, in view of the fact, that the possessors of these diplomas are all Georgia girls.

More than that can be said of these graduates—they are citizens of Georgia, citizens of the United States of America and strangely, many are residents of foreign lands. Many of our graduates have left the confines of their native heath and are broadly scattered from the proud Atlantic to the broad Pacific. They may be seen in many distant climes, China, Cuba, England, Japan, Panama Canal one, Philippine Islands and other foreign places. In every instance they are performing services typical of a true G. S. C. W. graduate.

In the varied fields and capacities these splendid women are engaged, they invariably ring true to the standards of their Alma Mater. The type of work and code of ideals ever invoke comments of the most favorable kind. Superintendents and others with whom our girls have been associated commend the character of their endeavors. Yet the loyal graduates attribute these ovations to the wonderful training rendered and beautiful ideals imbued by their own Georgia State College for Women.

ROGERS
SOUTHERN GROCERY STORES

SPECIAL
Chocolate Covered Cherries
One pound box, only
49c

BELL'S
Special Hosiery Sale
All the New Colors
Chiffon and Service Weight
$1.95 cents
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FEATURE PAGE

CAROLINE CHENEY, Editor

ARRIVAL OF "WHEEL" CAUSES SERIOUS ACCIDENT

(Apologics to I. B. Derne, Emory Wheel.)

Dere Editor:

Being as how I aulus have been a confined believer in them woids of some immaterial poet, or maybe it was a grocer who sed, "1 oz. of prevention is worth 10 lbs. of cure"; I set myself respectfully to this dutiful task of pinning an letter to you to warn you against the printing uv statistics in yore paper.

Wal, to make a short story long, it wuz like this. A few days hence on the Kampus of the Georgia State College for Women, there wuz some serious accidents caused by the arrival of several Wheels to the Sed Kampus. I beg not to be mistooken, fer it wuz not the ordinery kind of wheels that along with a few pieces of tin and wire bare loving families and otherwise to the twice sed Kampus—but the type of the species that comes on printed paper under the sufferage of some of the men from Emory University. Them mens had put in their publishments some statistics that showed that the girls which there mins is fondest of goes or has went to that Scottish School, what's christian name is Agnes. Jes' them simple statements wuz what caused the above mention trubie. Girls to the rite uv me, girls to the left uv me fer days wuz serged with emotions of despair and disappointments, even there roared 'round the sound of busting harts.

Being of a sympathetic nature all this deprest me neigh unto death; but like my Bolshevik ancestors, I bombarded to the cause for I calculated something ud have to be done and that pretty soon. But figger as I wood and has, I kan't rech no solution. Still I diskivered one migbty nice thing that I'll put by the way of parentheais. One fur-seeing Emory lad, who soint one of these same Wheels, writ sider the article in disgussion, "Not all of us." Now he is a lad after my own heart; for if all uv 'em hada used the space behind they I's and done likewise it would a prevented this disaster.

Since they never, my problem is still to be solved. So, kind Editor, I say the only jest and fare thing would be fer some uv the Spokes uv that Wheel to rite this sad state uv affairs. Fer instance, Mr. I. B. Derne out to be able to summons up one of his wonder-working "Mathematick formulars" to suit the accasion and therebye clear bis contempararies of this stain upon there cataracts.

That's all, so I'll be stopping here before ye scream at me in quotations of my unreadable friend Cicero when he said, "How much longer wilt thou abuse our patience?"

O. Caine.

Slippery ice
—very thin,
Pretty girl
—tumbled in,
Saw a boy
—on a bank,
Gave a shriek
—then she sank;
Boy on bank
—heard her shout.
Jumped right in
—helped her out.
Now he's hers
—very nice,
But—she had
—to break the ice.
—The Red and Black.

AMONG THE TOMBSTONES

Here lies a girl, as meek as a lamb,
She took some one else's piece of ham.

—

Here resposes a Freshman so green,
She tried too hard to stay lean.

—

Here lies the Editor, please don't disturb,
If ever one did, her rest she deserves.

—

Let us weep for this sweet lassie
She tried to make her uniform look classy.

—

Take heed from this one's sad fate,
She demanded her breakfast at half past eight.

—

Here lies the Faculty, the wise old sages,
They died of nothing but very old ages.

—

Another here does peacefully repose,
She missed the steps, while powdering her nose.

—

One of our debaters is sleeping forever now,
She fell off the stage while making her bow.

—

Side by side, lie a girl and her roommate,
They obstructed the path of someone learning to skate.

LEGEND OF THE MISSING EAR

Ears were missing in polite feminine society for so many years that some people began to doubt their very existence. If such things as ears of flesh and bone and cartilage with two of them to each head did really exist, then why did no one see them? Some heads were so adorned with curls and great puffs and buns and knobs and balls of hair that one wondered how the dear ladies could support such weights and at the some time appear light-hearted as well as heavy-headed. But the ladies could hear and they did even the most softly whispered nothings! How did tbey do it. Some believed that beneath the great mounds of hair there were really ears hidden away. Even granting the existence of such ears, there still remained the mystery of how the sound waves could penetrate the mass of hair to the ears. Maybe the hairs served as conductors for the waves much as telephone wire do; but any self-respecting sound wave, after having been forced to traverse the maze and tangle of hairs to reach its destination, would refuse even to try to arouse such a modest, retiring ear, but let it continue its rest even longer than did the sleeping beauty behind her hedge of thorns.

Still others advanced the theory that the ladies actually possessed no ears! They explained their unusual auditory ability in much the same way that the small boy explains his mother's uncanny visual powers. They had ears in the backs of their necks; or, perhaps they heard through the tips of their fingers like Helen Keller, with the difference that they do not even have to touch the speaker. Whatever power it was, the men agreed tbat no mere man with no inside information, could even fathom the mystery.

For years feminine ears had been missing. For ages it had been a matter for conjecture as to whether such a thing existed as an ear attached to a woman's head. The legend of the missing ear had been handed down from father to son for generations, and for just as many generations the secret had been preserved by mothers and daughters. Now the spell has been broken. Everyone, mon as well as women, knows that the missing ear has been found. After years of retirement behind long locks, the ear has revealed itself utterly and entirely. No longer do ears hide. They may be seen on every head. Bobbed hair has solved the mystery which men with all their thinking, wondering, pondering, pleading and imploring could never fathom.

A TYPICAL SATURDAY

Saturday is such an important day!
It's filled with this and that.
No time for idle play,
Not even a moment to chat.

At ten to seven bells ring,
Calling to the sleepy heads,
Then whistles begin to sing,
"Farewell, oh ye warm beds!"

Breakfast is over at last,
Sleep no longer dulls the eye.
Time for an eight o'clock class,
Departure is made with a sigh.

Tramp! Tramp! classes till dinner,
Then rushes for conference stern.
(Will walking make one thinner?)
Ah! 'tis a sacrifice to learn!

Back to the dormitory room,
Then comes a nice, warm bath.
Mending, darning before one loom,
Haiuting thoughts of exam. on math!

To the country store at five-thirty,
Sophomores, Juniors, Seniors gay.
No need to be in a hurry,
There is fun along the way!

Dimes pressed tight in a hand,
"The picture is fine," they say!
No, you won't have to stand,
New seats were built the other day.

Then its a scramble for bed,
Saturday has come to an end.
Close your eyes, little sleepyhead,
Lovely dreams He will send.

TO BOB OR NOT TO BOB

"To bob or not to bob," that is the question which has puzzled wiser heads than mine. However, in that season, several years ago, when this subject had taken our country by storm, I, incapable as I was , began to think deeply, seriously on it. It was a most disconcerting thing, on and on you could think and still never reach any solution.

All about me lay victims of this mania. Some like historic heroes, gallantly permitted the treacheous scissors to devastate their tresses. Various were the outcomes of the daring acts. Some were marvelously pleased, they went around gloating, boasting, and generally assuming an attitude of superiority over us poor timid creatures who fearfully clung to our "crowning glory."

On the other hand, there were those whose whole life seemed disillusioned over their appearance after the bob. Yes, indeed, there was weeping and wailing. But this would not put the hair back from whence it had come.

Then, as an all important issues, there were those who condemned the whole thing on a thousand different grounds. These objections ranged all the way from bobbing being unholy to unhealthy, and even the fact that one's nose was too long.

With all these conflicting influences about me I remained in the class with those who were undecided. I was tortured mentally. Everything and everybody reminded me of some phase of this question. It was on my mind continuously until I reached tha tstate where no matter what I was doing, my thoughts would turn to the phrase, "To Bob or Not to Bob."

One night as I was idly contemplating this, I fell asleep. When I awoke I automatically raised my hands to gently touch my bair, but there was no removing them, for there they stuck.

What had happened to my cherished tresses? Terrified, I hurried to examine them before the mirror. To my consternation, there nestling in one of my prize puffs was an enormously large piece of gum which had landed there when somebody had tried to dispose of it by throwing it out of the nearby window! Try as I might, the gum could not be dislodged; as a last resort it had to be cut out. This left one side of my hair short and the other long. To compramise my bair had to be hobbed.

How kind was fate to settle this problem for me, bringing such mental, physical and spiritual relief! And ever afterwards I have been the happy, carefree possessor of bobbed hair!

DICTION

Teacher: "What author is known for his vocabulary?"
Boy: "Webster."
—The Yellow Jacket.

NOTICE TO ALUMNI

Plans are being made for the next issue of the Colonnade to be a special Alumnae edition. This cannot be done unless you contribute your bit of information. Your old friends will be interested to know where you are and what you are doing. So do not hesitate to let us hear all about yourself immediately. Then too, you would like to know about the others. If you have changed your address and you would like a copy of the paper, let us know your new address. Pass the word along so that other alumnae may share this also.

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"IMA FIBB'S" CORRESPONDENCE

Dear Uster B:

Since last I took my pen in hand to drop a few grams of ink on this paper in the form of words expressing my mental thoughts, the witches and ghosts have visited our campus. Whew! I'm almost exhausted after that. But say! honest isn't that good? Yes, on Saturday night they arrived and poor things I felt so sorrw for some of them. One had a red nose and two had huge red mouths and—er—er—they still had them last time I saw them in spite of the fact that they had almost washed their faces off trying to get rid of them.

Friday night almost twenty members of the faculty were the guests of Dr. Parks in Ennis dining room. As they entered each one was given a Halloween cap, which enhanced their beauty. It turned Dr. Daniels into an admiral and it proved to us the activity of Dr. Johnson's brains because her cap jumped up and down on her head all during dinner. Each guest made a speech and they were all so good. No one could decide whose was the best, but I guess that Miss Marjorie Maxwell was, followed by a close second from Miss Elizabeth Grant. Her speech was something like this. "I've enjoyed the dinner so very much and I must say that it is the thrill that comes once in a life time to eat fried chicken in Eunis dining hall." Those following next were Mrs. Hines and Miss Harper.

You know every week there is on this campus a new subject for debate. Last week the subject was "Resolved, That Dr. Parks is going to let us go home Nov. 13 th not the 6th." This week, however, the subject has changed to "Resolved, That two days in November are worth five days in December." One Senior Normal debates this way, "Five dates are better than two." I'm surprised at any one having such thoughts, aren't you?

Well Uuster B. I must say "Au revoir" as time and lights wait for no girl.

Sincerely,
IMA FIBB.

AS GOOD AS THE NEXT

Young Prof.'s Wife: "Why did you tell the neighbors you married me because I was such a good cook, when I can't even boil a potato?"

Young Prif.: "I had to have some excuse."—The Yellow Jacket.

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BOOKS AND READING

A man ought to read just as inclination leads him. . . .—Boswell—Life of Johnson.

Are you interested in what the world is doing today, what the government of your country is advocating, what the great writers and thinkers are saying about all phases of life, literature and art? Here are a few suggestions that may interest each one of you.

Government

Is Democracy a Failure by Will Durant in Harpers Magazine, October, 1926.

The Price of Political Independence by Andre Tardeiu in Century Magazine, October, 1926.

Is the Direct Primary System Sound in Congressional Digest, October, 1926.

Why Voters Do Not Vote, Editorial in New Republic, November 3, 1926.

Impeachment Trials, Editorial, in Review of Reviews, November, 1926.

Sociology

Our Moral Anarchy by Walter B. Petkins, in Century Magazine, October, 1926.

Drift of Human Affairs by James Harvey Robinson, in Harpers Magazine, September, 1926.

Rising Tide of Degeneracy, by A. E. Wiggam, in World's Work, November, 1926.

Economics

Economic Status of Agriculture by Harvey W. Peck, in Journal of Political Economy, October, 1926.

Florida After the Storm, by Editor in Review of Reviews, November, 1926.

The Farmers Business, Editorial, in Review of Reviews, November, 1926.

History

Repairing the Sphinx, Cairo correspondent, in Magazine World, November, 1926.

Land Tenure in the Ancient Orient by Albert T. Olmstead, in American Historical Review, October, 1926.

Origin of English Towns by Carl Stephenson, in American Historical Review, October, 1926.

Recollections of the War of 1912, by George Hay, in American Historical Review, October, 1926.

Magna Charta Day, Editorial, in School and Society, July 10, 1926.

World Affairs

Old Allies in China, by K. K. Kawakami, in Atlantic Monthly, October, 1926.

Men or Geneva, by Ernest Poole, in Century Magazine, September, 1926.

Our Merchant Marine and International Trade by A. Berglund, in Journal of Political Economy, October, 1926.

Europe Must Unite or Die, by Caillaiux, in World's Work, November, 1926.

Who Murdered Russia, by C. Hartley Grattan, in New Republic, September 29, 1926.

Pedagogy

Supervision in Ohio Rural Schools by Laurence Louthian, in High School uarterly, October, 1926.

Suggestions for Rurall School Teachers, by Vincent Gatto, in Journal of Geography, October, 1926.

Geography in the Junior High School, by Maude C. Martin, in Journal of Geography, October, 1926.

Thanksgivnig in Mother Goose Land, by Elizabeth Spencer, in Childhood Education, November, 1926.

The Facts of Armistice Day by Ruth Thompson, in Western Journal of Education, October, 1926.

Religion

The Worst Fundamentalism, by William B. Munro, in Atlantic Monthly, October, 1926.

The Church Loss of Prestige, by Charles Fiske, in Harpers Magazine, October, 1926.

Religion and Politics, by Jack London, in Christian Statesman, October, 1926.

EXCHANGE

"Someone described Georgia State College for Women as a "campus of Colonnades" and their campus publication has adopted a characteristic title. "The Colonnade" abounds with social items and personals, and just doesn't seem to give a hang what happens outside its own limits. There is a column, "Ima Fibb's Correspondence" that is doubtless first cousin to our esteemed contemparary "Tittle Tattle" of the Petrel.

The Colonnade promises an extensive exchange column which will give the news of happenings on foreign campuses. Such a colmun is needed. When it appears, we'll take back all we said about not giving a hang, etc."

The above appeared in the Exchange column of the Oglethorpe Petrel. The Colonnade appreciates constructive criticism. Having been in exestence only one year the staff has muc hto learn, and having neither co-eds nor inter-collegiate athletes we strive to fill up space with that which we have.

The Campus Quill of Bessie Tift College tells us that in order to distinguish between Freshmen and Seniors, each Senior was recently required to wear a placard bearing the words, "I am a Senior." On the following Monday afternoon each was asked to dress as a nun, bring a book, march in a circle, and pensively study that book. After this inspiring march they made their way to Senior Hall where each made a speech on "Senior Dignity," etc.

While we are on the subject of campus talk there is something else we should watch for. That is an excessive use of slang. Of course we all know, or think we know, that slang is necessary; and very often it is appropriate. But just consider what a great number of howling, slang-using girls would sound like, and we will all be careful of our voices and our speech. For isn't it just that very thing that our parents and teachers have been remonstrating against since we can remember? It surely is—and if we are careful of our talk around the campus we will go a long way towards refuting the argument of the short-sighted Comstock, (who some three thousand years ago said that the world was "going to the dogs.")

—The Rotunda.

In a recent copy of the Hornet we read that the negro servants of Greenville Woman's College have raised $15.00 which is to be given as a memorial to "Uncle Murphy." "Uncle Murphy" had served the college for forty years. He died last year. The funds will he used to purchase books on the negro race.

The Rotunda of the Virginia State Teacher's College makes a plea for the new walls of their biuldings that they may remain free from any pencil marks. Their motto, "Save the walls," might well be adopted by G. S. C. W.

Never before in the history of the college has there been such a fad as is now sweeping over the campus. The campus golf and balloon tired breeches craze of the past have both been hopelessly outclassed by the mad struggle which is now ensuing for the possession of direllct Fords. Battle-scarred veterans of service are again assuming some of the glamour that was theirs a generation past. Antiquated motors are being overhauled and junk heaps of used and devitalized tired are being feverishly combed for shoes to be used on gasoline steeds.—The Hornet.

MRS. HINES' COMPOSITIONS ARE PRESENTED BY ATLANTA WOMAN'S CLUB

(Continued from page 1.)

ing more and more serious attention each year. The songs they sang were the poesy of the composer.

Mrs. Hines is most versatile in her composition. She is wedded to no particular school. One number is pure insular ballad, while the next may be the merriest of chasonettes. In two, or three numbers, there is a suggestion of the florid Italians and not infrequently she is in the minor mood of the slavs.

However, unquestionably her most effective number for concert work is "Oh, Miss Lindy," which is essentially the harmony of the cotton field negro, splendidly interpreted and worked out in scholarly fashion."

The program was as follows:

SOLOISTS

Susan Bowden Johnson, soprano
Solon Drunkenmiller, tenor
Enrico Leide, violincelo
Mrs. Hines at the Piano

—

a. The Call of the Woods
b. Georgia Land
College Park Music Club Chorus
Florence Golson Bateman, Conductor
Mrs. Clarence W. Wall, pianist
a. When Mary Sings
b. The Maiden and the Nightingale
c. To know
Solon Rrunkenmiller
a. White Dove
b. Dear Little Babe
Susan Bowden Johnson
Assisted by Ruth Dabney Smith, violiniste
a. Oh Mis' Lindy
b. Why Do I Love You?
Solon Rrunkenmiller
a. Orientale ---------- Cui
b. Minuet in G -------- Beethoven
Enrico Leide
Mrs. Charles E. Dowman, pianist
a. Within
b. I Only Know
Solon Rrunkenmiller
Assisted by Mary Griffeth Dobbs, harpist
Ruth Dabney Smith, violiniste

UNFORTUNATE

"What was the name of the last station we stopped at, Mather?"

"I don't know. Be quiet. I'm working out a cross-word puzzle."

"It's a pity you don't know the name, Mother; because little Oscar got out of the train there."—The Yellow Jacket.

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PROGRAM TO BE GIVEN IN NEW COLLEGE AUDITORIUM

(Continued from page 1.)

as to make the maximum contrast with his jazz artists, usually presenting them after a series of heavy numbers.

Everything is presented from moaning, groaning saxaphones, to a booming bass drum that stands for more punishment than Dempsey's sparring partners. Wherever the band has appeared the jazz specialty has met with rounds of applause and innumerable encores.

Following very closely the program by the "Kilties" on the 17, will be given the following entertainments:

November 20, Jean Gros' French Marionettes will present two of the following plays "Huckleberry Finn," "Uncle 'Wiggily'," or "Midsummer Night's Dream."

November 27, Jack Wood's Male Quartet and Bell Ringers will be here.

November 30, Professor B. R. Baumgardt, a noted scientist and traveler will lecture.

December 2, The Slora Mexican Musicians in collaboration with Senor Carlos Barrera, noted author playwright and lecturer will entertain us.

December 11, the Dumond Concert Company will present "Stephen Foster."

January 17, David Dietz will give an up-to-the-minute talk with some bewildering demonstrations.

January 23, we will have Laurant, the Mafician.

March 9, Sidney London, impersonator will be on the campus.

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G. S. C. W. DELEGATION ATTENDS CONFERENCE

(Continued from page 1.)

delegates from G. S. C. gave a typical "Y" Vesper service. The setting for this service was most attractive. The only light used was the soft glow from many candles. Baskets of flowers were placed on each side of the stage. The Y. W. C. A. colors were used in decorating the stage and the girls themselves wore white dresses and blue ties. The first number was a chant, "The Lord is in His Holy Temple," by Gladys McMichael. Then followed in order a prayer by Mary Raby; an introductory ltak by Miss Goodson; a piano solo by Mary Raby; a short talk, "What the Y. W. C. A. is doing to promote Temperance," by Robbie McClendon, and a vocal solo, "Lead On, Oh King Eternal" by Gladys McMichael.

Several social activities were planned for the entertainment of the delegates. Brenau College gave a reception Wednesday afternoon. On Thursday afternoon, Mrs. F. R. Banks had all the delegates as her guests at a tea.

"Y." COUNCIL IS CHOSEN FROM FRESHMAN CLASS

(Continued from page 1.)

their suggestions and desires; and, at the same time, guides their thought and work.

The Freshman class have had several meetings under the guidance of Miss Goodson, secretary of Y.; Polly Moss, president; Grace Taylor, vice-president and advisor of Freshmen Y. W. activities, for the purpose of electing council members.

The election resulted in the placing of the following girls on the council:

Dorothy Parks, Dorothy Thaxton, Catherine Allen, Doris Watkins, Edith Manning, Rebecca Fowler, Frances Phillips, Robbie McClendon, Pauline Sigman, Austelle Adams, Louise Mapp, Francss Lanier, Dorothy Joy, Edna Allgood, Gladys Pierce, Mayola Byrd, Ellie Ruth Lewis, Mary Ware Martin, Clovis Perryman, Emma Sue Holsenback, Juanita Huff, Margaret Camp, Eleanor Piper, Righton Brown.

GLADYS McMICHAEL HEADS ENGLISH SENIORS

Due to the size of our college, it has become a president for the different departments to organize so that they may do more intensified work. Therefore, the English Senior class, feeling that they had a common interest at heart—the study of English Literature, met on Friday afternoon, October 22, to discuss plans for organizing. Since the English Senior course is too full to offer contempory writings as a specified course, it was decided that the programs at the club meetings should contain something of the writers and works of our own times. A nominating committee was appointed to suggest nominations for the four offices.

The election was held on Monday afternoon, October 25, when Miss Katherine Scott most graciously entertained the English Senior Class at her home. After a very interesting program was rendered and delicious refreshments were served, the following officers were elected:

President—Gladys McMichael.

Secretary and Treasurer—Mary Elizabeth Kilpatrick.

Soph—"What are you taking up?"
Fresh—"Spice."

Exchange.

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